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ALEXANDER, JOHN D.

HISTORY OF THE NINETY-
SEVENTH REGIMENT OF INDIANA



HISTORY

OF THE

Ninety-Seventh Regiment

OF

INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

BY

CAPTAIN JOHN D. ALEXANDER.

Indiana Infantry. 97th Regiment,
1862-1865

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Oct 8. 1891.

Comrades of the 97th Regiment, Indiana Infantry Volunteers.

Twenty-five years have rolled away, with their sunshine and shadow, since we were mustered out of service. Our first reunion was held at Worthington, Indiana, in September, 1888, and our second at Spence, Indiana. At our first reunion it was determined that a history of the regiment should be written, which duty was courteously assigned to me. I then felt, and still feel, that the history will fall short of your expectations. But, feeling it to be the duty of a soldier to obey orders, at your command I have written this history. It must, in the nature of things, be incomplete. The time has been long since we, as boys, marched to the tunes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The Greene County Hang On," and memory, ever treacherous, has let slip many things I would love to remember. But, if I cannot repay the picture of your battles, and your marches and struggles for the supremacy of the dear old flag of the Union, and all the details of three years, covered over, as it is, with the dust of a quarter of a century, I will endeavor to bring out some of its most prominent features, which will at least give you an outline upon which you in the future will improve.

The companies that composed the 97th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers were enlisted in the 7th Congressional District during the months of July and August, 1862. The whole country at that time, seemed to be turned into a military camp.

Every day, for weeks, meetings were held and speeches made. Dinner was brought in the baskets of patriotic women, and after dinner one man took the flag, another a fife, another a drum, and marched up and down in front of the crowd, beating up the volunteers. The favorite tunes played were, "Yankee Doodle," "Jay Bird," "Greene County Hang On" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The ten companies composing the regiment were made up in the following counties in the district: Company A, C, E and G, in Greene county; Company B in Clay county; Company D, in Putnam county; Company F, in Sullivan county; Company H, in Owen county; Company K in Vigo county, and Company I, in Greene and Owen counties. About August 25, 1862, all these companies found a rendezvous at Camp Dick Thompson, near Terre Haute. Here the regiment was organized and mustered into service September 20, 1862, by Capt. James Biddle. The officers of the companies were then as follows: Company A, Captain, Andrew J. Axtell, 1st Lieutenant,

Nathaniel Crane; 2d Lieutenant, John Catron. Company B, Captain, James Watts; 1st Lieutenant, Luther S. Wolfe; 2d Lieutenant, John Dalgren; Company C, Captain, John W. Carmichael; 1st Lieutenant, Jacob E. Fletcher; 2d Lieutenant, William F. Jerauld. Company D, Captain, James J. Smiley; 1st Lieutenant, Joseph W. Piercy; 2d Lieutenant, William F. Sherry. Company E, Captain, Thomas Flinn; 1st Lieutenant, Joseph T. Oliphant; 2d Lieutenant, Elijah Mitchell. Company F, Captain, Zachariah Dean; 1st Lieutenant, George Elliott; 2d Lieutenant, John Dickinson. Company G, Captain, John Fields; 1st Lieutenant, William Hatfield; 2d Lieutenant Henry Gastineau. Company H, Captain, James Robinson; 1st Lieutenant, James S. Meek; 2d Lieutenant, Joseph P. White. Company I, Captain, James Holdson; 1st Lieutenant, Albert P. Forsythe; 2d Lieutenant, Josiah Stanley. Company K, Captain, David Shelby; 1st Lieutenant, James Jordan; 2d Lieutenant, Ed Groendyke.

In October, 1862, Bragg was advancing on Louisville, Kentucky, and the regiment received its first marching orders, and was ordered to Louisville via Indianapolis, but when we reached Indianapolis the threatened danger was over, and we were ordered into quarters at Camp Morton. While here we had nothing to do but draw and cook rations, do police and guard duty, drill occasionally and "shine up" for dress parade, under the supervision of Col. Mahan, who commanded the camp. Our Field and Staff Officers were appointed while we were at Camp Morton. The members of the regiment found, one morning in a daily paper, that Robert F. Catterson, Captain in the 14th Indiana, who had been wounded at Antietam, had been appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, and Captain Aden G. Cavins, of the 59th Indiana regiment, had been appointed Major, Alexander McGregor, Adjutant, William Johnson, Quartermaster, Dr. A. D. Murphy, Surgeon, J. C. Hilburn, Assistant Surgeon, and Rev. George Terry, Chaplain. About the last days of October the regiment was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, where it arrived in due time and went into camp near the city—called Camp Catterson. In a few days the regiment was ordered out to guard a wagon train, loaded with supplies—as far as Bardstown, Kentucky. This was our first march—about 80 miles, there and back—and it is safe to presume there were 2,000 blistered heels and 10,000 blistered toes when we got back to Louisville, as marching on a pike was a new experience, and one likely to bring on such a calamity, and by reason of this, as well as being our first march, a great many of the boys gave out, and quite a number of the thoroughbred horses and mules of Kentucky were pressed into service, as well as their chivalrous and neutral owners, to bring us into camp. The regiment remained here until November 9, 1862, when it was ordered to Memphis. It boarded two transports, the "Mary Miller" and

"Hettie Gilmore," and started down the Ohio river. The weather was delightful. The autumnal dyes of scarlet, gold and purple were upon the trees, and the haze of Indian Summer hung like a veil upon the hills. Six companies were aboard the "Mary Miller" and four companies aboard the "Hettie Gilmore." Everything went well until the "Mary Miller" struck a snag above Evansville, but, fortunately, kept afloat, and the damage was repaired. The "Hettie Gilmore" kept afloat well until she struck a sand-bar at the mouth of Cumberland river, where we stayed all night, and the soldiers and sutlers' stores were put out on a lighter, and I suppose the sutlers—Fellows and Whittaker, think, even to this day, that they were all thrown overboard, but the boys did smoke some cigars and chewed considerable tobacco after that that looked like some the sutlers had, and their haversacks, under hard tack and bacon, contained butter and soft crackers. The regiment reached Memphis November 15, 1862, and remained there until November 25, when the army moved south to Holly Springs, Mississippi. At Memphis the regiment was brigaded with the 99th Indiana and 53d and 70th Ohio, Gen. Denver commanding. Advanced with the army under Grant and Sherman to Yack-napatafa river, where we halted and remained nearly a week, subsisting mainly on Mississippi "yams." The Rebels captured Holly Springs, and we had to retrace our steps. While here Lieutenant Colonel Catterson received his commission as Colonel and Major Cavins his commission as Lieutenant Colonel. In a few days were on the march again for LaGrange, Tennessee, and reached that place January 8, 1863, and went into winter quarters. Quite a number of the regiment died here. We remained here until March, 1863, when the regiment was ordered to Fort Grissom, located at a bridge on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, west of LaGrange twenty miles. Remained here until April, 1863, when it was ordered to LaGrange again. In June, 1863, the regiment was ordered to Vicksburg via Memphis. It marched to Memphis, and there with other regiments took transports to Vicksburg. The 97th Indiana and a battery went to Vicksburg on the steamboat "John Warner." There were probably thirty or forty steamboats loaded with troops, horses, artillery and wagons, one following the other, with a convoy of gunboats. Now and then Rebel cavalry would appear on the banks of the river and the gunboats would wake the echoes by shelling the woods. At the mouth of the Yazoo river our boats went up that river and the regiment disembarked at Snyder's Bluff. Here it was employed in building breastworks and fortifications facing to the rear and watching the movements of the Rebel General, Joe Johnson, who was out near Jackson, Miss., with the intention of trying to raise the siege of Vicksburg. June 26, was ordered to move more directly to the rear of Vicksburg and in the direction

of Jackson to Oak Ridge, where the regiment remained until after the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. On July 5 the regiment was ordered to Jackson, being at this time a part of Gen. W. S. Smith's division. Sharp opposition was encountered at Black river, but advanced rapidly on Jackson, and had two days of sharp skirmishing. The main fighting at Jackson was July 16, 1863. The 97th Indiana and 40th Illinois advanced on the fortifications as skirmishers; took the rifle-pits, but were not supplied by the battle column, and after lying close under the Rebel guns for several hours, retired. Lieutenant Colonel Cavins' horse was killed with a cannon shot; Lieutenant Jerauld, of Company C, had his arm shot off, of which wound he died at Camp Sherman on Black river; Captain Dean, of Company F, was struck with a spent ball, and the shock and debility resulted in his death at Camp Sherman, August 7, 1863. George W. Corbin, of Company G, James L. Strong, of Company B, and William H. Harrison, of Company K, were killed in battle at Jackson, July 16, 1863. The regiment, after tearing up miles of railroad track, returned to Black river and went into camp, and remained here until ordered to Chattanooga.

Col. Cockerell, who commanded our brigade at Jackson, Mississippi, in his report of the battle of Jackson, to Brig. Gen. W. S. Smith, commanding the division, says: "On the 16th, the 97th Indiana, Colonel Catterson, was ordered on picket in the front and left of the division, and in obedience to orders from headquarters, the picket line was advanced to feel the enemy's front, and moved forward in fine style across an open field nearly to the works of the enemy under a most terrific fire from at least three of their batteries. The casualties of the 97th Indiana in this advance were about thirty killed and wounded."

On the morning of the 17th Col. Catterson went forward to the enemy's works and planted his colors on the redoubt, the enemy having evacuated the place during the night. I believe the 97th Indiana was the first regiment in Jackson. Every officer, and, I believe, every soldier of my brigade stood to his place with the most heroic courage and never quailed before any fire of the enemy. I cannot too highly commend the conduct of the gallant colonel of the 97th Indiana and his brave regiment who were placed on the 16th in advance. They deserve the commendation of the country. I desire to call attention to Lieutenant Colonel Cavins and Captain Dean, acting field officer 97th Indiana Vols., as officers who have distinguished themselves for courage, perseverance and skill and are competent to any task imposed upon them. To the line officers of the brigade, and the gallant soldiers of each and every regiment, I cheerfully testify that all performed their duty to my entire satisfaction and seemed to vie with each other as to who was the bravest and best soldier." Col.

Catterson, in his report to Col. Cockerell, dated July 20, 1863, says of the part taken by his regiment: "My line of skirmishers, as posted, were about 700 yards from the Rebel fortifications with a broad open field in front of my right, thus exposing it to the enemy's fire at the first step forward. In front of my left was a thick wood in which was posted the 20th Mississippi Regiment as sharpshooters, thus not only exposing my entire line to a murderous fire from the enemy's artillery, but to the continued fire of two regiments of infantry posted as skirmishers. But notwithstanding all the disadvantages we labored under not an officer or man wavered, but moved forward under the galling fire of six batteries showering upon us a perfect storm of grape and canister, solid shot and shell, till within from 200 to 300 yards of the enemy's works, while my extreme left was within less than 100 feet of their battery on the left, from which point they were able to completely silence two of their guns. Having no support thus far, I felt I could do nothing more than halt and if possible hold my position. At this time I saw my support coming in on my extreme right, moving forward under a most terrible fire and occupying a ravine near the railroad. At 3 P. M. a heavy force of the enemy met and drove back the force on the west of the railroad, thus leaving my right entirely exposed and outflanked by nearly 200 yards. My support had also fallen back to the dirt road running parallel to my line and, as my ammunition had all been exhausted, the right wing was ordered to fall back to the road, which was done and held permanently. In the meantime the left wing had been supplied with ammunition and advanced still nearer the enemy's works, which position they left only to occupy the enemy's works, which was done at daylight on the morning of the 17th. During the entire engagement both officers and men behaved with the most daring gallantry and to enumerate the conduct of those who distinguished themselves on this occasion would be to name in detail every officer and man in my command. I must say, however, that I cannot find words to express my admiration of the conduct of Lieut. Col. A. G. Cavins, in command of the right wing, and Captain (acting major) Dean, who was wounded while so gloriously leading the left forward through a perfect storm of iron hail."

See War of Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series No. 1, Vol. 24.

One incident I mention while on the way to Jackson. When the brigade to which we belonged had reached Black River under Cockerell commanding, said we must cross this river. Jason H. Allen, of Co. D, now our efficient secretary, said he knew where there was a boat on the other side, but full of water. Volunteers were called for and Allen stepped out and swam across the river toward the enemy, bailed out the boat and brought it over.

In September, 1863, we were ordered to Chattanooga. Went to Vicksburg, thence by river to Memphis. Left Memphis in October, 1863, and marched to Bridgeport; took a short rest near Nickajack Cave, then crossed Sand Mountain to Trenton, in Lookout Valley. Here met friends in the 31st Regiment, Ind. Vols., and other regiments of the 4th Corps, who, in bidding us good bye, said we would see sights before we got five miles away. Were ordered to join the army near Chattanooga. Marched down the valley; crossed the Tennessee River on pontoons and camped behind the hills opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek. Crossed the Tennessee again on pontoons and were in the advance on Mission Ridge and inside their picket guard line when we arrived, fronting that part of the ridge through which the railroad tunnel passes, which was strongly fortified and occupied in strong force by the Rebel army.

The fight next day was a bloody one and lasted all day. Masses of reinforcements could be seen swarming in all day to increase the Rebel forces, and Sherman's men, the 15th corps, made but little headway against the heavy columns of the enemy. But when Hooker struck them on their left, and Thomas charged their center, it was not long until the battle was over and the Union flag floated from one end to the other of Mission Ridge. The regiment followed them nearly to Ringgold Pass, was then ordered to march to Knoxville, East Tennessee, to relieve Gen. Burnside, who was besieged by Gen. Longstreet. Marched without tents or other camp equipage, through rain and snow, camping late at night, and on its return to Chattanooga, 86 of the men out of 310 had no shoes. Then marched west along the Memphis & Charleston railroad via Bridgeport and Stevenson, Alabama to Scottsboro, Alabama, and went into winter quarters December 24th, 1863.

Gen. Sherman in his memoirs says of this campaign: "While the 15th army corps, of which I was commander, was encamped on the Big Black river in September, 1863, the army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans was moving against Bragg at Chattanooga, and Burnside of the army of the Ohio, was marching toward East Tennessee. Rosecrans was defeated at Chickamauga, and Burnside was besieged at Knoxville, and I was ordered to take the 15th army corps to Memphis and to Chattanooga. While on this march Grant was made commander of the armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio, and Sherman of the army of the Tennessee. Gen. Blair was assigned temporarily to the command of the 15th army corps. Sherman reached Chattanooga November 14, 1863. He and Grant walked out to Fort Wood, when Sherman said, 'Why Gen. Grant, you are besieged,' and he said 'It is too true.' The Rebel lines extended from the river below the town to the river above, and the army of the Cumber-

land was held to the town and its immediate defenses. Gen. Grant explained that he believed the northern part of Mission Ridge was not fortified at all and he wanted me as soon as my troops got up to lay a pontoon bridge by night, cross over the Tennessee and attack Bragg; right flank abutting on Chickamauga creek and the tunnel. I went back to Bridgeport and ordered Gen. Ewing's division to take the advance and start in the direction of Trenton to make Bragg believe his left flank was the point of attack. It was on this occasion that the 15th army corps gained its peculiar badge. As the men were trudging along through the mud and a cold drizzly rain near Whitesides, one of our western soldiers left the ranks and joined a party of the 12th army corps at their camp fire. The 12th army corps men asked him what troops they were. In turn our man (who had never seen a corps badge, and noticed everything was marked with a star—wagons, tents and hats) asked if they were all Brigadier Generals. Then the 12th corps men inquired what corps he belonged to and he answered the 15th army corps. What is your corps badge? "Why," said he (and he was an Irishman, striking his cartridge-box), "40 rounds in the cartridge-box and 20 in the pocket," and when Logan, (who succeeded Blair) heard the story, he adopted the cartridge-box and 40 rounds as the corps badge. After this fight Gen. Granger was started with his corps to relieve Burnside at Knoxville. Gen. Grant in a letter to Sherman says: "Granger is on the way to relieve Burnside, but I have lost all faith in his energy or capacity to manage an expedition of the importance of this one. I think I shall have to send you." On the 5th of December, Sherman received official notice that Longstreet had raised the siege and retreated up the valley toward Virginia.

Sherman says: "Approaching Knoxville, I saw a large pen full of fine cattle, which did not look much like starvation. I found Burnside and staff domiciled in a large, fine mansion, looking very comfortable, and he said he had already given orders looking to the pursuit of Longstreet. I offered to join in the pursuit, though in fact my men were worn out and suffering in that cold season and climate, which offer Burnside declined. At Burnside's headquarters we all sat down to a good dinner, including roast turkey. I had seen nothing of the kind in my field experience and exclaimed, 'I thought they were starving.' But Gen. Burnside explained that Longstreet had at no time completely invested the place, but he had kept open communication with the country on the south side of the river, from which Union inhabitants had supplied him with beef, bacon and corn meal. Had I known this I should not have hurried my men so fast, but until I reached Knoxville, I thought his troops were actually in danger of starvation." In his report of this campaign to Gen.

Grant, Gen. Sherman says: "In reviewing the facts I must do justice to the men of my command for the patience, cheerfulness and courage which officers and men have displayed throughout—in battle, on the march, and in camp. For long periods without regular rations or supplies of any kind, they have marched through mud and over rocks, sometimes bare-footed, without a murmur; without a moment's rest after a march of over 400 miles, without sleep for three successive nights, we crossed the Tennessee river, fought our part of the battle of Chattanooga, pursued the enemy out of Tennessee and then turned more than 120 miles north and compelled Longstreet to raise the siege at Knoxville, which gave so much anxiety to the whole country. I cannot speak of the 15th army corps without a seeming vanity, but as I am no longer its commander, I assert that there is no better body of soldiers in America than it. I wish all to feel a just pride in its real honors."

Our camp at Scottsboro was north of the railroad and town, in a cove and near a large spring. Shut in by the mountains west, north and east, we had little else to do while here but eat, smoke, write letters and do guard duty, after we got our camps in good order, until February, 1864, when the regiment was ordered on a scout with some other regiments, all under command of Gen. Morgan L. Smith, then commanding at Huntsville, Ala. The scout extended as far south as Lebanon, Ala. We saw no enemy and the boys only succeeded in capturing some "apple jack" and fighting roosters, and in returning to camp the boys would have a rooster fight whenever we stopped to rest. The boys carried them under their arms and the roosters kept up their crowing as we marched along. About the last days of February, 1864, the regiment with others was sent to Cleveland, East Tennessee, and from there made a reconnoissance near Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Georgia. It was said that Sherman with a large force had moved from Vicksburg in the direction of Meridian, Miss., and was tearing up railroad tracks and destroying railroad depots and rolling stock, and that Hardee's Corps had left Tunnel Hill to intercept him, and we were sent there to cause him to return. Whether we succeeded or not I am unable to say, but I do know that after severe fighting one day the "Johnnies" swarmed out upon us so thick that we had to retreat pretty suddenly that night and they kept at our heels the next day until noon, popping away at us all the time.

On the last named expedition Capt. David Shelby was in command of the regiment. On our return to camp and while crossing Crow Creek, near Stevenson, Ala., Jacob F. Myers, of Co. H, a teamster, and six mules, were drowned by the bridge giving way, March 5, 1864. When the regiment returned to Scottsboro our camp was enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Col. Cavins, of

Bloomfield; Mrs. Capt. Fields, of Owensboro, and Mrs. Capt. Meek, and Mrs. Capt. White, of Spenceer. This was the second visit for Mrs. Cavins and Mrs. Meek, as both had visited the regiment when at Moscow, Tenn., in April and May, 1863, both of whom while there were unremitting in their attention to the sick, bathing their hands and faces in the morning preparing deficiencies with their own hands and seeing that everyone was made as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Cavins brought with her both times her girl baby Jodie, and Mrs. Meek brought her girl baby Sallie. While in camp Mrs. Cavins' colored boy Lindsey carried Jodie around and was very jealous of his precious burden, so much so that he didn't want the men in the regiment to take her in their arms, as so many wished to do, and some of the boys would say "Lindsey, Lindsey, you black devil you, bring that baby here." Jodie is now married to Mr. J. D. Torr, and resides in Green-castle, and Miss Sallie is now married to Mr. Willis Hickam and resides in Spenceer, and as they were the only girl babies brought to the regiment, I have taken the liberty to call them "The daughters of the regiment," and I am happy to say they are both present at this reunion and now present them to you. The visits of all these ladies with their children will ever be a green spot in the memory of every man in the regiment. While these ladies were in camp on the last day of April, 1864, the writer was in command of a picket guard at the mountain pass, with orders to let no one pass in or out of the lines without a pass from headquarters. Mrs. Cavins and Mrs. White came up the mountain hunting flowers and up to the picket post. Just beyond the line were some very beautiful flowers and the writer went with the ladies to get them. When the ladies returned to camp and told they got their flowers beyond the picket line Col. Cavins said he would go up at once and arrest the officer in command, but through the intercession of Mrs. Cavins the writer was saved from such a calamity. While here the regiment sent to New York and purchased two beautiful swords for Col. Catterson and Cavins, which were presented on behalf of the regiment by J. D. Alexander, to which the donees made excellent replies and thanks. This, then, is some of the poetry of war.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

At night on the 30th of April, 1864, I heard quite a bustle in camp and heard on inquiry we had marching orders. Three days rations and 40 rounds of ammunition was the order and the next morning May 1, 1864, the whole army at that place broke camp and marched out with flags flying and bands playing and started for Chattanooga. We had started on the Atlanta campaign. As we neared Chattanooga, infantry, cavalry and artillery seemed

coming from all directions, in fact a great army was coming together and moving south. The 97th Indiana was brigaded with the 100th Indiana, 46th Ohio, 26th, 40th and 103d Illinois and 6th Iowa, all under command of Brigadier Gen. C. C. Walcott, who I understand is still living in Columbus, Ohio. We were in the 1st division, 15th army corps, Gen. Harrow commanding the division, Gen. John A. Logan commanding the corps, and in the army of the Tennessee, Gen. J. B. McPherson in command. The army of the Tennessee, composed of the 15th, 16th and 17th corps, formed the right wing of the army; the 4th, 14th and 20th corps, under Gen. Thomas, the center, and known as the army of the Cumberland, and the 23d corps under Schofield, known as the army of the Ohio, the left wing of this army. The 15th corps from its facility in moving from one part of the line to another was called "The Whip Lash." The army of the Tennessee moved to the right and passed through Snake Creek Gap, and on May 13, 1864, encountered the left wing of the Confederate army under command of Gen. Joe Johnston at Resaca, Georgia, and after sharp skirmishing with them drove them into their breastworks. The next day May 14, Company E of our regiment, Capt. J. T. Oliphant in command, was on the skirmish line all day, who lost two of his men killed, Coen Cullison and George Mood, and Wesley Boruff was wounded and died of same June 20, 1864. About the 20th of May, the Rebels evacuated the place, and we still moved on and struck them again at Dallas, Ga., about May 25. Sharp skirmishes occurred every day until May 29, when they made a desperate charge on our lines. Capt. Holdson, of Company I, and his company were on the skirmish line, and so hard pressed were they that Capt. Holdson was wounded twice before he got inside the breastworks, and we had to commence firing before all of Company I got inside the works, and Orderly Hinkle lay down between two logs and remained there until we had repulsed the enemy. Our corps was then moved further to the left near New Hope Church, and took the place of the 20th corps, which moved further to the left, and of all the pesky places the regiment got into this seemed the worse. Here the 20th corps had had a desperate fight to gain a footing. The trees were all torn to pieces with shot and shell. Between the lines were dead men and dead horses. It was the 1st of June, weather hot, raining most of the time, had to be in the trenches half full of water day and night, and the stench was almost unendurable. One rainy morning after sitting in the trenches all night expecting the Johnnies to charge us, to our surprise and my gratification, we found them all gone. We next came up with them at Big Shanty, about the 12th of June near Lost and Kenesaw mountains. On the 15th of June, our division was ordered to move to the left, and had gone but a short distance when the 97th Indiana

was stretched out into a skirmish line. We moved out when the Rebel skirmishers opened upon us in lively style. They were in rail pens just beyond Noonday Creek. We were ordered to charge with the balance of our brigade. Just following were two other brigades of our division. We captured their skirmish line the 14th Alabama, numbering 320 men and officers. On the hill just beyond their skirmish line, the Rebels were trying to form their battle line, but they never got them formed, for they took to their heels, and some hid in the bushes, whom we captured.

In this skirmish Company A lost James M. Anderson, killed; Company D, Andrew J. McMains, killed; Company B, Isaac Crueh, killed; Company E, Christian J. Haldeman, and John W. Rutledge, who died of his wound at Chattanooga, Tenn., same month, and Company G, David Fields, who was mortally wounded and died next day; Company I, Byron K. Reed, killed. The loss in killed and wounded being twenty-three. Our regiment remained on picket duty so close to the Johnnies we could hear what they said until 12 o'clock that night. We saw behind us, about a quarter of a mile away, the fires, as we thought, of a great army camping, but at the advice of the Adjutant to fall back and make no noise, we took our coffee cups loose from our haversacks, held them carefully in our hands, and silently stole away, to find the fires in our rear, but no troops there. The next day we moved to the right, opposite Kenesaw Mountain. On Sunday night, June 26, 1864, Col. Cavins, who was in command of the regiment (Col. Catterson being sick in hospital) sent for all the commissioned officers of the regiment, and told them an assault was to be made on the mountain the next day, and that our brigade had been specially named to form a part of the assaulting column on account of our brilliant success on the 15th, and would be under command of Morgan L. Smith, and wanted to know how we felt about it. A few said, "We'll go right up," others said they would go as far as they could. Capt. Jordan, of Company K, a cool, practical officer, said, "Well, you'll all smell fire before you get on top of that mountain!" Before daylight on the 27th we moved out of our works, and under cover of the woods, got our breakfasts, and at 8 A. M. moved to the right to our position in the line. By this time the enemy, observing our movements, was all activity; was reinforcing at all points, and kept up a bitter fire upon us with shot and shell. When our brigade started to advance, the 46th Ohio took the advance as skirmishers. The 97th Indiana and 103d Illinois in the front battle line, and the 6th Iowa and 40th Illinois as the supporting column, advanced rapidly until we came to the foot of the mountain, drove the skirmishers from their pits and started up the mountain, through every conceivable obstruction, under a front and enfilading fire of musketry and artillery. We got within

twenty yards of the enemy's works, and were ordered to lie down. We lay under their fire for some time, when we had to retire. Every one of the color-guards, I believe without an exception, was killed or wounded; the flag was riddled with shot and the staff cut in two with bullets. About seventy men out of the 300 engaged were either killed or wounded. Company A lost William Sullivan, killed; Company C, Capt. Joseph W. Young, killed, James A. Butcher, mortally wounded, died at home August 17, 1864, Robert J. Heywood, killed; Company D, Sergt. Wm. P. Sackett, Henry T. Daugherty, William S. Day; Company E, Aaron Hall, Benjamin Carson; Company F, Orderly Sergeant William F. Moore, commanding the Company; Francis M. Fulk; Company G, John Hays, mortally wounded, Geo. W. Mosier; Company H, Orderly Sergeant William H. Johnson, killed, also George Smith; Company K, Orderly Sergeant Frank Case, who died July 12, 1864, from wounds. Many were wounded whose names I do not remember, and as I cannot name all will name none.

The Rebels after this retired across the Chattahoochee River into their works around Atlanta. On the 17th of July Sherman began the general movement against Atlanta. Thomas crossed Chattahoochee at Powers; Schofield moved toward Cross Keys and our Army of Tennessee under McPherson toward Stone Mountain. On 18th of July all the armies moved on a general right wheel; Thomas to Buckhead, forming line of battle facing Peach Tree Creek; Schofield was on his left and McPherson between Stone Mountain and Decatur, when McPherson turned toward Atlanta, breaking up the railroad as he marched. About this time Johnston was relieved of the command of the Confederate forces and Hood appointed in his stead. Sherman says in his memoirs that he learned Hood was bold even to rashness and courageous in the extreme and he inferred that the change of commanders meant fight. July 20, 1864, Hood made a sally from Atlanta and the blow fell on Hooker's Corps (the 20th) and Johnson's division of the 14th and Newton's division 4th Army Corps. This came from the Peach Tree line which Johnston had prepared to fight Sherman outside of Atlanta. Sherman then moved his lines close to their entrenchments around Atlanta. Hood, during the night of July 21st, had withdrawn from his Peach Tree line; had occupied the fortified line of Atlanta, facing north and east with Stewart's Corps and part of Hardee's and a division of militia. Hood's own corps and part of Hardee's had marched out to the road leading from McDonough to Decatur and turned so as to strike the left of McPherson's line. Hood, by reason of the woods, approached near before he was discovered. His skirmish line had gotten into the field in rear of Giles A. Smith's division of the 17th Corps unseen and captured a battery of regular artillery and

was in possession of several hospital camps. The right of this Rebel line struck the 16th Corps in motion. The 16th Corps halted, faced to the left, was in line of battle and drove the Rebels back through the woods. About this same time this same force had struck Gen. Giles A. Smith's left flank, doubled it back, captured four guns. They gradually fell back and made a junction with Leggett's division of the 17th Corps, strongly posted on a hill. One or two brigades of the 15th Army Corps came rapidly across the open field to the rear, filled up the gap from Blair to Dodge, forming a strong left flank at right angles to the original line of battle. The enemy attacked boldly and repeatedly the whole of this left flank, but met an equally fierce resistance and on that ground a bloody battle raged from a little after noon till into the night. A part of Hood's plan was to sally from Atlanta at the same moment. But this sally was not for some reason simultaneous, for the first attack on our extreme left flank had been checked and repulsed before the sally came from Atlanta. About 1 P. M. the expected sally came from Atlanta, directed mainly against Leggett's Hill and along the Decatur road. At Leggett's Hill they were met and bloodily repulsed; along the railroad they were more successful. Sweeping over a small force with two guns they reached our main line, broke through it and got possession of Detress' battery of 420-pound Parrots, killing every horse and turning the guns against us. General Charles R. Woods' division of the 15th Army Corps was on the extreme right of the Army of the Tennessee, between the railroad and Howard house. The line on his left had been swept back and his connection with Logan on Leggett's Hill broken. He wheeled his brigades to the left, advanced in echelon and caught the enemy in flank. All of General Schofield's batteries, to the number of 20 guns, to a position to the left front of the Howard House, whence he could overlook the field of action and directed a heavy fire over the heads of General Woods' men against the enemy, and Woods' troops advanced and encountered the enemy who had secured the position of the old line of parapet which had been held by our men. His right crossed this parapet which he swept back, taking it in flank and at the same time the division which had been driven back along the railroad was rallied in person by General Logan and fought for their former ground. These combined forces drove the enemy into Atlanta. The battle of Atlanta extended from the Howard House to Gen. Giles A. Smith's position about a mile beyond the Augusta railroad, and then back toward Decatur, the whole extent being fully seven miles. The enemy during the night of the 22d retired inside of Atlanta and we remained masters of the situation. Sherman says: I purposely allowed the Army of the Tennessee to fight this battle almost unaided, because I knew that the attacking

force could only be a part of Hood's army and that if any assistance was rendered by either of the other armies the Army of the Tennessee would be jealous. Nobly did they do their work that day and terrible was the slaughter done our enemy, though at sad cost to ourselves. (See Memoirs of Gen. Sherman, Vol. 2, Chapter 18.) Our regiment was engaged during the entire battle and captured the 5th Confederate Tennessee Regiment that killed Gen. McPherson. Gen. Sherman, in his report of the battle, says: General McPherson, when arranging his troops about 11 A. M. and passing from one column to another, inadvertently rode upon an ambuscade without apprehension at some distance ahead of his staff and orderlies and was shot dead. I was walking up and down the porch of the Howard House listening to the sound of battle when one of McPherson's staff dashed up and reported General McPherson either killed or a prisoner. Within an hour an ambulance came in bearing McPherson's body. Dr. Hewitt examined his wound and reported that he must have died in a few seconds after being hit. The ball had ranged upward across his body and passed near the heart. Capt. Gill O. Steele took the body to Marietta and I ordered his personal staff to go on and escort the body to his home in Clyde, Ohio, where it was received with great honors, and it is now buried in a small cemetery close by his mother's house, which cemetery is composed in part of the family orchard in which he used to play when a boy. He died at the age of 34 years. A fine equestrian statue of Gen. McPherson has been erected in Washington City since the war by the Army of the Tennessee.

Gen. Logan, in his report of the battle of Atlanta says:

“The number of dead, buried in front of the 15th corps, up to this hour, is 360, and as many more are yet unburied. We captured eighteen stands of colors and 5,000 stands of arms. The Rebels attacked us seven times and were repulsed.

Our total loss	3,521
Enemy's dead, buried and delivered to them . . .	3,220
Prisoners sent North	1,017
Prisoners wounded and in our hands	1,000
Loss of the enemy	10,000

Four men of Company A were captured in the battle, and I am indebted to James Cochran, the only survivor of the four men, for the following account of their prison life at Andersonville and Florence :

AT HOME, March 23, 1890.

My remembrance of prison life is so sad that I have tried to forget it. But there is something about it that will return to my mind. I was captured the 22d of July, 1864, at Atlanta, and hastened down that night to East Point, six miles from Atlanta; went into camp, stayed there all night and on the next morning,

I think, we started for that "hell hole"—Andersonville. We marched to Jonesboro and there took the cars for Andersonville, and landed there the second day, I think in the evening, and was searched the second time, and then turned into that horrible place, without any shelter with the exception of the heavens. There were about 1,400 of us from Sherman's army. Well, they opened the gate and turned us in, like so many hogs into a slaughter pen, to make the best of it. So we went to work to see what disposition we could make of ourselves. So we found a place unoccupied, on the north side of that famous branch, that we read of in history. Here we sat down to consult what was best to do, and on examination what we had to improve our claims with, since the Rebels had taken everything from us, even down to our pocket knives; they even took my hat. There were eight of us that agreed to stay together; four of Company A, 97th Indiana—Greene Crawford, Bart Wiley, Elisha Abrams and myself. The other four were Atwater, of the 46th Ohio, Henry Kerts, of the 99th Indiana or 100th Indiana, and one of the 12th Indiana, and Wm. Ross, of Company G, 97th Indiana. Neither of us had any money or camp equipage except Henry Kerts and Atwater. Kerts had \$5.00 and Atwater some pieces of old tent. So we invested the \$5.00 in poles and a couple of forks and pegs to pin those old rags to the ground. Well, here was our outfit for living. The pole was seven feet long, and I suppose this was our chance for life. We had nothing to cook, nor nothing to cook with, so the thing was very evenly proportioned. So now we were in a state of dependent creatures, and a poor dependence it was. Those rags were our main dependence for shelter and to sleep on. So we made the best use of them we knew how. We were so thickly crowded we hardly had room to lie down. The suffering in that place was great. I saw men there so helpless, lying on the ground, and the lice and maggots had eaten their eyes out before death came. A man died just behind where our rags were staked down, and the maggots came through onto us pretty lively, and the stench was so bad it took a strong constitution to bear it. I have seen prisoners come in there in good health, who would give up, lie down, hide their faces, never look up or speak, and die!

After serving one's country it was horrible to die in such a place. Our diseases were diarrhoea, scurvy, gangrene, and some kind of a fever they called "swamp fever", we all had it, more or less. It was a sight to see the sick making their way to what the "Rebs" called "sick call." They crawled, hopped, went on all fours, were packed in blankets. I was there when that spring broke out. I have carried many a bucket of water from that blessed Providential spring. This spring broke out in August 1864, after some heavy rains, and the south-east side of the

stockade washed out at the same time. Our rations were simply a mixture of everything—rice, boiled in filthy water and shoveled into wagons and drawn inside; beans and mush the same way; flies, lice, maggots, were all eaten by the prisoners. When one was convicted of stealing, he was lashed with a strap. There were one-third of the prisoners in there that were crazy, and I think many that got out have never entirely recovered from the shock and suffering, and I think I tasted a little too much of the place to be my old self again.

Sometime in October we were put upon cars and started back toward Atlanta as we thought to be exchanged, but when we got to Macon, the cars halted awhile and then branched off to the southeast, which knocked the exchange idea out of us all. Here I lost all of our squad. Fortunately we had provided ourselves with some of that life-saving water in our little buckets and had managed to provide ourselves with a coffee pot, and had them both full of water and covered over with some old boot tops and tied down to make it go as far as possible. There was such a cry for water we concluded we would drink up what we had and get another supply, as the negroes were packing water to the famishing soldiers. We sent our bucket and coffee pot for water and that was the last, as the cars started and left all of our worldly goods behind. We suffered and mourned over these things, for though their real value was not 30 cents, they seemed worth millions to us. We were going where we knew not and didn't seem to care, as the prospect for exchange was all gone. When we got close to Savannah, Georgia, the guards told us we were going there to be exchanged. That enlivened us a little. Arrived there about daylight, stopped a short time, when the train pulled out over the swamps in the direction of Charleston, S. C., where we landed about 2 o'clock. Got off the cars, marched through the city and were placed in the State's prison under the fire of our own guns. We could see the shells burst and hear them crash through the buildings but none fell among us. We were there probably two weeks, when we were moved out and camped on the fair grounds. A camp guard was put around us, and by this time we were in a pitiable condition, so much so that the more tender hearted of the people in Charleston undertook in part to alleviate our sufferings by bringing out provisions and clothing of all descriptions, such as they could spare. They would throw the grub and clothing over the guard line and run from the guards, but finally the guard would chase them and take it all away from them. I saw many a race with the guards and women. A great many tried to escape while here, but most all were brought back, some badly lacerated, being chased by bloodhounds through those swamps and greenbriers. One man was brought in who was out fourteen days. He said the last thing he tried to eat

was a raw coon he caught in the swamp. He tore the hide off and swallowed some of it, but it would not stick.

I was taken from here to Florence. Here rations were a little scarcer but a little cleaner. The beans were buggy, the meal musty, rice filthy, and one pint a day of each issued to the man. At one time we had nothing for three days and nights when the commander of the prison suspected a tunnel was being dug. I saw men there who had gone to the branch for water and not able to get back, with lice gathered so thick about their heads and necks they could rake them off by handfuls. Men burrowed in the ground for sleeping apartments and at night their comrades would cover them over with warm sand, so they could sleep. I and my three comrades separated in one of those ground holes by the death of the three above named. This left me in a worse condition than ever if worse could be, but I tried to brace up. I knew my time was next in that family, though all loss was some gain toward my condition, as I now fell heir to the sand hole and could turn over without calling to the others, so we could all turn at once. I started out to find another mate, and I had good luck as I found Owen Wright, of the 14th Indiana, an old acquaintance I had seen in Andersonville. I got with him and staid with him until I was paroled. I helped to eat some terrapin soup at Florence. I have seen men draw their rations of meal, eat it raw—throw it up, and a second man would grab up the best of it and eat it with more or less sand in it and make it stick. If meal was spilled in the sand, the men would grab it up and eat it, sand and all, more sand than meal. A bean or grain of rice was as carefully searched for out of the sand as a hen poorly fed would search for grains of wheat when fed in chaff for her chickens. There was more or less shooting of prisoners both at Andersonville and Florence. I saw several that were shot. I saw Barrett who commanded at Florence, knock down the prisoners with his cane or club, which he always carried when inside the prison gate. Shooting in from the gate was his delight, as he seemed to have no pity for the Yankees.

Florence seemed the worst "hell hole" of all, as we had that inhuman Barrett to contend with, the worst brute in human clothes I ever laid eyes on. The boys of my mess were all tottering under starvation when we got there and I saw I would have to give them up shortly, and that pained me very much, as we had been together in so many tight places, but this beat all places I had ever seen. The first to go down was poor Green W. Crawford, Company A, with diarrhea and fever, next was Bart Wiley, with same disease; next Elisha Abrams. By this time I had lost all trace of my Andersonville comrades. My clothing was all gone, worn out, and I was lucky enough to draw a pair of drawers from the sanitary and that was all the clothing I had with the

exception of an old shirt and an old pair of shoes and an old cap that I traded a canteen for. I was paroled December 7th, 1864. I don't think I could have stood it one month longer.

Our regiment was in the fight at Ezra Chapel, July 28, 1864, which lasted from 11:30 A. M. until 4 P. M. The most authentic account is given by Gen. Logan, who commanded the 15th corps. He says: In pursuance of orders, I moved my command on the right of the 17th corps during the night of the 27th and morning of the 28th of July, and while advancing to a more favorable position, we were met by the Rebel infantry of Hardee's and Lee's corps, who made a determined and desperate attack on us at 11:30 A. M. My lines were only protected by logs and rails hastily thrown up. The enemy made six successive charges and were each time repulsed with fearful loss to the enemy. Later in the evening our lines were assaulted vigorously. The worst of the fighting occurred on Gen. Harrow's and Morgan L. Smith's fronts, which formed the center and right of the corps. The division of Gen. Harrow captured five battle-flags. Our regiment was part of Gen. Harrow's division. Five hundred and sixty Rebels have been buried up to this time, and about 200 are supposed to be yet unburied. The enemy's loss could not have been less than 6,000 or 7,000 men. Col. A. G. Cavins commanded the regiment at Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Ezra's Chapel and Jonesboro.

In these engagements the loss was as follows in killed: Company A missing in action July 22d, Elias Abrams and Barton Wiley; Company C, Alfred Bowers, killed August 10, 1864; Company D, Alfred Siner, killed July 22d, 1864; Company F, John R. Goff, killed July 22d, 1864; Matson Morris, died of wounds received at Atlanta. Company H, William P. Beem, killed August 16, 1864; William Bode, killed August 16, 1864. Company I, Tilghman H. Bedwell, killed July 22, 1864; Thomas J. Blalock, killed July 22, 1864. Company K, Harvey Connor, killed August 12, 1864. After Hood left Atlanta and started north the regiment followed with the army as far as Resaca and Taylor's Gap and then Sherman, leaving Hood to the tender mercies of "Pap" Thomas, went back to Atlanta. After tearing up the railroad for a few days, on the 15th day of November, 1864, our regiment started with Sherman on his famous march to the sea. Col. Cavins being at home on leave after the fall of Atlanta did not reach us before the railroad was torn up, and was given an important command in East Tennessee. On the march to the sea we saw no enemy of any considerable force until we were near Macon, Ga. On the morning of November 25, 1864, our brigade was detailed to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Macon until the troops and wagon train were out upon the road. We had not gone far until we met a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment coming toward us at full speed. Wheeler's cavalry had surprised

them near Griswoldville, captured some and the rest were on the wing. Some had lost their guns; some horses were running on three legs; some shot in the nose and all were flying in confusion. Two companies of the 97th regiment and two of the 10th Illinois were deployed as skirmishers and moved through a pine woods until we came upon rising ground on the east side of a large farm. Wheeler's Cavalry was then on the west side of the farm. A few troops followed them as far as Griswoldville and came back, and the brigade formed a line of battle on the east side of the farm, the 97th Indiana on the extreme right and the 46th Ohio on the extreme left and a battery in the center. Company G was deployed as skirmishers on the west side of the farm. Arms were stacked, fires made and we were getting our dinners at 1 P. M. when the pickets began to fire and fall back. Were ordered to throw up breastworks, which we did as best we could with logs, rails and stumps, when we saw coming against us three or four lines of battle, a whole division of Georgia militia marching in splendid style at a right shoulder shift arms. Our battery opened on them when they opened one on us, killed nearly all the horses in our battery and killed and wounded some of the Sixth Iowa regiment supporting it. A piece of shell wounded Gen. Walcott, commanding the brigade, and he was carried along with the army in an ambulance to Savannah, Ga. Col. Catterson at once took command of the brigade. It was said that while the fight was in progress Gen. Wood, commanding the division, sent word to Col. Catterson to bring the brigade out, but Col. Catterson sent him word to send him ammunition and he would hold the place. The fight lasted from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M., the enemy making one charge after another. When the fight was practically over a skirmish line was sent out and quite a number of the militia captured. The captured and killed were nearly all very young and very old men, who had white cotton shirts in their knapsacks and biscuits, butter and fried ham in their haversacks. As night came on we built fires, as the night was chilly, and brought a great many wounded men to the fires and at 10 P. M. that night we retired from the place and joined the main army and continued our march to the sea. It was said that in this engagement we killed, wounded and captured 1,500 of the enemy. In 1885 I met the Confederate officer in charge of the battery on that day and he said he never knew what execution it did until I told him. We moved on, crossing the Ocmulgee and Oconee rivers and with no other serious disturbance until we struck the Johnnies in the neighborhood of Savannah. We had works on one side of a rice farm and they upon the other. The water had been let in on the farm and here we remained about a week skirmishing with them until Fort McCallister, on the Ogeechee river, was taken by the 2d division of our corps, under command

of Gen. Hazen. While here we were short of rations and had to depend mostly on rice we found on the farm. We could see the masts of our ships loaded with supplies at the mouth of the Ogeechee, in Ossabaw Sound, but which could not and did not reach us until Fort McCallister was taken. After that Hardee and his army left Savannah and on the 21st of December, 1864, Sherman took possession of the city.

We remained here until about January 15, 1865, when the 97th Indiana and a cavalry regiment went aboard a steamer called the "Louisburg," which had been a blockade runner and been captured, and dropped down the Savannah river and out to sea and around to Port Royal or Beaufort, South Carolina, to which place most of the 15th and 17th corps were transported; the 14th and 20th corps crossing the Savannah river and marching at once into South Carolina. We remained at Port Royal until the last days of January, 1865, when we marched away for Columbia, South Carolina. On the 14th of February we met the enemy some fifteen miles from there, and began to skirmish with Wade Hampton's cavalry. That night we threw up breastworks and went into camp in line of battle. Next morning moved out, with the 40th Illinois as skirmishers, the 97th Indiana and 103d Illinois as reserves. The skirmishers drove them at first, but became more and more stubborn as they neared Congaree creek, where they had a line of works on the west side and a battery of artillery on the east side and infantry and cavalry. Our men drove them out of their works and across the bridge, and as the 97th Indiana was going into the works they had abandoned on the west side of the creek, their battery opened on us and a shell exploded in the works and cut off the head of Preston Flinn, of Company E, and mortally wounded John Mood, a Corporal in Company E, who died in a few minutes. The Rebels had piled rosin and pine on the bridge, expecting to burn it, but Capt. Johnson, Inspector on the Brigade Staff, rushed on the bridge in front of them and kicked all of it into the stream. Here our brigade captured a Confed. Colonel, who was too drunk to know on which side of the stream he was or to what army he belonged. The Rebels retired across a large farm in the direction of Columbia, and our division was hurried over the stream, our brigade in advance. A line of battle was formed, and the 46th Ohio deployed as skirmishers, when a line of cavalry skirmishers came sweeping down upon us, but the Spence rifles of the 46th Ohio soon put them to flight. One division followed another, quick and fast, and we all camped on that farm that night, and the rebels, getting range from our camp-fires, gave us a cannon shot or shell about every ten minutes during the whole night, the battery being on our right and across Congaree river, yet did us no material damage, however. The next night, after crossing the Saluda river, we camped on Broad

river, north of the city, and the next morning, February 17, 1865, our brigade was the second to enter Columbia. The enemy had gone, and along the main streets of the city there had been placed cotton bales, end to end, for a considerable distance, near the curb-stone, and were burning when our army entered the city. An Iowa brigade attempted to put it out, and it was still smoking when our regiment passed by. Negroes thronged the streets and gave us a rousing reception. They carried out coffee, hams, bacon, rice, brandy and wine to us, and made every demonstration of joy. Our regiment camped about a mile from the city that night. In the night we were aroused by the explosion of cartridges and shell, and thought for a time the Rebel army had returned and made an attack, but looking toward the city saw a great fire sweeping over it, and the explosions were caused by the fire having reached the arsenal. At daylight our regiment was ordered into the city for provost duty, and so remained during our stay in the city. A part of the city was burned. The fire swept over it from south-west to north-east, and swept all before it. Sherman, it is said, captured here provisions enough for his whole army for thirty days, all of which was burned, and during the night of the fire, he and all his general officers had to move their headquarters. When we left Columbia, the negroes, who said they had been run into Columbia from all parts of the South to save being captured, followed us in great numbers, some on foot, on horseback, in carts, carriages and wagons, taking all they could of their household goods, and started, as they said, to "the land of freedom." We remained at Columbia nearly a week, then marched away and crossed the Catawba river near Camden, then to Lynch river. The day we reached Lynch river, Lieutenant Stanley was out with a company of foragers - Salathiel Thompson, Company A, Company B, Jason Allen, Company C, Company D, Sid Martindale, Company E.

were captured at this place. Sid was wounded in the fight they made and left for dead, and we succeeded in finding him and who died several years after the war ended by reason of the wound thus received.

While marching through South Carolina, near Orangeburg Andrew D. Nelson, of Company C, Otho Morris, of Company I, Patrick Flannery, of Company D, and Joseph Parn, of Company L, were sent out with others under orders on a foraging expedition; on the 13th of February, 1865, at 3 P. M. they reached the town and found something buried, and ran their ramrods down and struck a box. They supposed it to be a box of meat and proceeded to dig it up. When they got it out Otho Morris struck it with an axe. It was a torpedo, and exploded with a crash and a roar, and the result was frightful. Otho was mangled and his eyesight destroyed; he now lives at Sullivan Ind. A part of the

box imbedded itself in the fleshy part of Pat's thigh and injured his eyes permanently; Pat lived until a year or so ago, when he lay down to his last sleep, regretted by us all, for he was beloved by us all for his generosity of heart and hand. Andrew J. Nelson had both eyes injured permanently, and still lives, an honored citizen of Greene county. As to Joseph Pain. He was seriously injured, but I don't know where he is, but I understand he still lives.

We marched from Lynch River to Cheraw, S. C., on the Pedee River, and remained at the place one day and two nights waiting on the pioneers to finish the pontoon bridge. From here we marched to Fayetteville, N. C., on Cape Fear River. At this place Jason Allen and Salathiel Thompson returned to the regiment, having made their escape; but if I remember rightly Capt. Stanley and the rest who were captured did not return to the regiment until we reached Alexandria, Va. At Fayetteville, N. C., the colored people were all sent down Cape Fear River and we marched on until Johnston engaged the 14th and 20th Corps in battle near Bentonville, N. C., and our corps (15th) and 17th Corps were marched in quick order for two days to strike the left of Johnston's army. On the second night the writer was officer of the day, and put out pickets, and we knew we were close to the enemy, for by putting our ears to the ground we could hear the tramping of the horses and the rattling of their sabers. We broke camp the next morning and marched about one mile when we struck the Rebel skirmishers. Companies A, I, and D were deployed at once as skirmishers on the right of the road, under command of Capt. Alexander, of Company D, and I, C, and H on the left of the road under command of Capt. Holson, of Company I, the balance of the regiment and brigade moving after us as a reserve. We followed them up one hill and down another. The Rebels would wait till we got to the top of a hill, give us a volley and run until they got over the next hill. We drove them thus five or six miles when we ran out of ammunition and the 6th Iowa took our place and had not gone far until they drove them back to their works, where they had a strong force. The 46th Ohio took the front, the 100th Indiana the left and the 26th Illinois the right, and as they were going into line the 46th Ohio charged. The 100th Indiana began to fire, when the pack mules and negroes took a stampede and broke to the rear, and the air for a while seemed to be as full of frying pans, coffee pots, tin plates and cups, as bullets. We drove the enemy out of their first line of works into their second: fought them two days and nights when they retreated, and we started for Goldsboro, N. C. We had to corduroy the roads nearly all the way through North Carolina. The mud was deep and sticky almost like tar, and often for days in South and North Carolina we passed through pine forests where

the trees had been tapped for resin, that were all on fire and the smoke was almost stifling and made our faces and hands about as black as could be made. When we reached Goldsboro, March 21, 1865, we were sights indeed. Some of the regiment had no hats; some one pant leg off at knee and very nearly none at all to come to the other knee; rims off of hats; some with straw hats on; holes in the hat and hair sticking through; some with grey pants and an old blouse with no sleeves; toes peeping out of our shoes; no undergarments at all, and all had our old socks made out of "flyings" a yard wide down under our heel. Mules, men and horses nearly all worn out.

Colonel Catterson had been in command of the brigade ever since the battle of Griswoldville, Ga., November 25, 1864, until we arrived here, and Capt. Elliott had been in command of the regiment. At Goldsboro, Gen. Walcott returned and took command of the brigade and Col. Catterson was appointed chief-of-staff on Gen. Logan's staff. Here Col. Cavins met us who had come around from East Tennessee via Baltimore and down the coast, who had in charge a great many men and officers who had been wounded and left sick and who were at home on furlough and did not get back to Atlanta before we had burned the bridges behind us, and started for the sea. In a short time Gen. Walcott was given a command in the 14th corps. Col. Catterson was again placed in command of the brigade, and Col. Cavins was in command of the regiment. We remained here until about April 10, 1865, and got better clothing and rested, when we started for Raleigh, N. C. The day we crossed the Neuse river, Charlie Garner, of my company (D), who was Col. Catterson's orderly, and a brother of our Quartermaster, John Garner, was captured with two clerks from brigade headquarters, and Charlie has never been heard of to this day. April 20, 1865, we reached Raleigh, and went into camp north of the city. Gen. Joe Johnston's army was to the west of us. While here we learned that Lee had surrendered and in a few days Johnston surrendered, and we knew the war was virtually over and the rejoicing was very great. It was not long however the rejoicing continued, for we soon learned that President Lincoln had been assassinated, which cast a gloom over the whole army. April 30, 1865, we received marching orders and started toward Washington and home. It seemed to be a race among the Generals who would get to Washington first. At least the men thought so from the distance travelled each day. We came to Petersburg, Virginia, and over the grounds that have become historic through crumbling earthworks and by the graves of fallen friend and foe. Then on to Richmond, where we remained two days visiting Belle Isle and the Confederate Capital, Libby Prison, Castle Thunder and other points of interest. Then we came through that beautiful country east of the Blue Ridge

with its green fields and bright crystal streams to Fredericksburg. Crossed but never re-crossed the Rappahannock, then to Mount Vernon, looked upon and paid homage at the grave of Washington, thence to Alexandria, where we remained a few days and prepared for our last grand parade—the “Review” at Washington. The Army of the Potomac passed review about May 23d, 1865, and we the day following. There seemed to be a great desire to see Sherman’s army.

On the afternoon of May 23d, the 1st division of the 15th corps crossed the Long Bridge to encamp in the vicinity of the Capitol to be ready for the review early the morning of the 24th. Gen. Catterson left the writer of this at the Long Bridge to order the commanders of the regiments to unfurl their banners and have their bands play as soon as they got through the bridge. A great crowd had gathered and I was kept busy answering questions, and the expression was general, “What large men as compared with the Army of the Potomac,” and as Absalom Veatch, whom we all nick-named “Halleck,” came out of the bridge, a little Frenchman jumped at him, caught hold of him and exclaimed, “My God, did you ever see such a man.” The morning of the 24th our division moved into A street by column of companies, and when the signal gun was fired at 9 A. M., we started on our last and grandest review. When we wheeled into Pennsylvania avenue, and column after column of companies of the tried veterans came marching on, with the sun glistening on their guns and the kind breezes of the morning causing the dear old tattered flags and banners to flutter and fly, bands playing and drums beating, such huzzas as went up from the people, crowded to the curb-stones, in every story of the houses, on house tops and in windows. Bouquets came showering down upon the soldiers and tattered flags from everywhere until we passed the reviewing stand, where were the President and Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Diplomatic Corps, Generals Grant and Sherman and all the prominent commanders of the war. We then passed out of the city and camped on the Frederick pike and remained here until June 9, 1865, when the regiment was mustered out of service and started for Indianapolis via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Parkersburg, West Virginia, there took the steamboat Caroline for Lawrenceburg, Indiana, thence by rail to Indianapolis, where we arrived about the 14th of June, 1865.

Gen. Sherman says of the Grand Review: “During the afternoon and night of the 23d of May, 1865, the 15th, 17th and 20th army corps crossed the Long Bridge, bivouacked in the streets about the Capitol, and the 14th corps closed up to the bridge. The morning of the 24th was extremely beautiful and the ground was in splendid order for our review. The streets were filled with people to see the pageant, armed with bouquets of flowers for their

favorite regiments and heroes. Punctually at 9 A. M., the signal gun was fired, when in person, attended by Gen. Howard and all my staff, I rode slowly down Pennsylvania avenue, followed closely by Gen. Logan and the head of the 15th army corps. When I reached the Treasury building and looked back, the sight was magnificent. The column was compact and the glittering muskets looked like a solid mass of steel moving with the regularity of a pendulum. At the reviewing stand, I took my post on the left of the President, and for six hours and a half stood while the army passed in the order of the 15th, 17th, 20th and 11th corps. It was in my judgment the most magnificent army in existence—65,000 men in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly 2,000 miles in a hostile country, in good drill and who realized that they were being closely scrutinized by thousands of their fellow countrymen and foreigners. Many good people up to that time had looked upon our Western army as a mob, but the world then saw and recognized the fact that it was an army in the proper sense, well organized, well commanded and disciplined, and there was no wonder that it had swept through the South like a tornado."

William Kossack, Captain and additional Aide-de-camp on engineer duty at St. Louis, has compiled from campaign maps at Headquarters of the Military Division of the Mississippi a list of the average number of miles travelled and marched by the different army corps under command of Major General Sherman, during his campaigns of 1863, 1864 and 1865, as follows:

Fourth corps	110 miles
Fourteenth corps	1,586
Fifteenth corps	2,289
Sixteenth corps	330
Seventeenth corps	2,076
Twentieth corps	1,525

showing that the 15th corps "hoofed it," as the boys used to say 243 miles more than any one of the other corps.

The following is Gen. Sherman's farewell address to his army:

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER NO. 76

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI
IN THE FIELD, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1865.

"The General commanding announces to the Armies of Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Some of you will go to your homes, and others will be retained in military service till further orders. And now that we are about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall the situation of National affairs, when but

little more than a year ago we were gathered about the cliffs of Lookout Mountain and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty.

Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause—the Union of our country and the perpetuation of the Government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rockyface Mountain and Buzzard Roost Gap, and the ugly forts of Dalton behind. We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty but dashed through Snake Creek Gap and fell on Resaca, then on to the Etowah, to Dallas and Kennesaw, and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home, and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over and fought four hard battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem—destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the State of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we again began a march which, for peril, labor and results will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers were all passed in mid-winter, with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy, and after the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville we once more came out of the wilderness, to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, where we met our enemy suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us, but when he who had fought us so hard and persistently offered submission, your General thought it wrong to pursue him further, and negotiations followed which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender. How far the operations of this army contributed to the final overthrow of the Confederacy and the peace which now dawns upon us, must be judged by others, not by us; but that you have done all that men could do, has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over and our government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the Volunteer Army and Navy of the United States.

To such as remain in the service your general need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in

the future. To such as go home, he will only say that our favored country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil and production that every man may find a home and occupation suited to his taste. None should yield to the natural impatience, sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventures abroad. Do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment. Your general now bids you farewell with the full belief that as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens, and if unfortunately new war should arise in our country Sherman's army will be the first to buckle on its old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the government of our inheritance. By order of

MAJOR GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant General.

As to our field and staff officers and what I remember of them, as well as line officers, I have this to give: Robert L. Catterson was our first colonel. He formerly resided in Parke County, Indiana. Was lieutenant and adjutant and then captain in 14th Indiana regiment. He was wounded at Antietam and promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 97th Indiana, and went with the regiment as such to the field, and was commissioned as its colonel November 19, 1862. Commanded the brigade to which the regiment was attached from November 25, 1864, until April, 1865. Was then appointed Chief of Staff on Gen. Logan's staff, where he served a short time, when he was again ordered to take command our brigade, which he commanded until we reached Washington and while there June 6, 1865, was commissioned Brigadier General; brought his brigade to Louisville, Ky., where he was mustered out of service. Then went to Arkansas; was appointed Brigadier General of the State Militia during the reconstruction troubles; afterwards was elected a member of the Arkansas legislature, and afterwards appointed United States Marshal for the eastern district of Arkansas; then removed to where he now resides.

Aden G. Cayins, Lieutenant Colonel and afterwards Colonel of the regiment, is an old resident of Greene County, Indiana. Had resided in Bloomfield quite a number of years before the war. Was Captain of Co. E, of the 59th Regiment and in the field, and had been about one year when he was appointed Major of the 97th Indiana. He met the regiment at Cairo as it was on its way to Memphis, in November, 1862. He made a most excellent officer and was always found where duty called. Was in command of the regiment in some of the most important and hardest battles in which the regiment was engaged, notably, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta and Jonesboro. At Jaenson, Miss., his horse was killed

with a cannon ball. At the close of the war he returned to his old home where he enjoyed and is still enjoying a lucrative practice in the law, and time has dealt kindly with him since then and he still lives and still enjoys the confidence, not only of the old soldiers, but all who know him.

William H. Schlater was appointed Major of the regiment after Col. Cavins' promotion, but never joined us in the field, having been appointed on the Military Staff of Gov. Morton.

Alexander McGregor was our first Adjutant, who resigned January 5, 1863, and Edward Gowendyke, Lieutenant in Co. K. was appointed, who resigned January 11, 1864, and David E. Sluss, of Putnam County, of Co. D, was appointed, who remained such to the end of the war. Dave, as he was familiarly called, was a brave and efficient officer, beloved by us all and one with whom we all parted with the kindest of feeling when the pomp and circumstance of war were over. After the war he found his better half and settled down on his farm in Putnam County, Indiana, where he still lives.

William M. Johnson, of Bloomfield, Ind., was our first Quartermaster, who resigned April 12, 1863, and who now resides in Kansas. He was succeeded by John G. Shryer, of Bloomfield, Ind., a fine business man, who always had the "hard tack" and bacon for the boys when it was to be had. He is now a resident of Terre Haute, Ind., and at this late day I'll tell him what become of the corn at Savannah, Ga. We stole it from the mules, parched it and put it into our haversacks. He resigned May 1, 1865, and was succeeded by John W. Garner, who was mustered out with the regiment, and who resides at Jeffersonville, Ind.

George W. Terry was our Chaplain, who preached and mended watches for the boys and assisted in taking care of the wounded. He now resides in Bloomington, Ind., and is pastor of the Baptist church at that place, and loves every member of the old regiment.

Alexander M. Murphy was our first surgeon; a most excellent man and a good surgeon, always ready with medicines for the sick and to care for the wounded, and was ready as well with words of comfort and sympathy for all who were in distress. He resigned May 14, 1864, on account of disability and returned to his home in Sullivan, Ind., where he lived, respected and honored by all who knew him and where he laid down to his last sleep February 7, 1888, when he lacked a few days of being 69 years old. He was succeeded by J. C. Hilburn, of Spence, who died in 1873, and A. M. Murphy, whom we all knew as "Dud," was appointed Asst. Surgeon. Both did their work well until the close of the war and since then both have died. Dudley died July 28, 1888, of paralysis of the heart.

James H. McNutt, of Harveysburg, Ind., was an Asst. Surgeon and was honorably discharged November 24, 1864, and when he

said: "Let's see your tongue?" and then said, "Give him a Dover," we all went away satisfied that after a good sweat we'd be all right in the morning.

David Shelby, Captain Co. K, of Eugene, Ind., received a commission as Major of the regiment March 19, 1864, but declined it and died in the field as Captain of his company June 13, 1864.

John Fields, Captain Co. G, was promoted Lieutenant Colonel January 1, 1865, and now resides in Bloomington, Ind.

James Holdson, Capt. Co. I, was promoted Major June 7, 1865, but was mustered out as Captain of his Company June 9, 1865. At the close of the war he returned to his farm in Sullivan County, where he resided and lived a quiet and peaceful life. He died in Sullivan county, in 1888, and is buried at the old log church not far from his old home.

HISTORY OF LINE OFFICERS.

NAME.	C.	RANK.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Andrew J. Axtell	A	Capt.	Bloomington, Ind.	Living.
Nathaniel Crane	A	Capt.	Solsberry, Ind.	Living.
Joshua M. Ogden	A	Capt.	Scotland, Ind.	Living.
Nathaniel Crane	A	1st Lt.	Solsberry, Ind.	Living.
Thomas R. Cook	A	1st Lt.	Solsberry, Ind.	Living.
Joshua M. Ogden	A	1st Lt.	Scotland, Ind.	Living.
John E. Corwin	A	1st Lt.	Kansas	Living.
John Catron	A	2d Lt.		Died February 5, 1865.
Joshua M. Ogden	A	2d Lt.	Scotland, Ind.	Living.
Alfred Miller	A	2d Lt.	Scotland, Ind.	Mustered out as 1st Sergeant.
James Watts	B	Capt.	Dead.	
Luther Wolfe	B	Capt.	Brazil, Ind.	Living.
Luther Wolfe	B	1st Lt.	Brazil, Ind.	Living.
John Dalgren	B	2d Lt.		Died Sept. 19, 1864, of wounds received in action.
Andrew J. Coffman	B	2d Lt.		Mustered out as 1st Sergeant.
John W. Carmichael	C	Capt.		Resigned July 26, '64. Dead.
Jacob E. Fletcher	C	Capt.		Died at Lawrence, Tenn., June 11, '64.
Joseph W. Young	C	Capt.		Killed June 27, '64, battle Kenesaw Mt.
Alfred F. Phillips	C	Capt.	Cincinnati, Ind.	Living.
Willey E. Pittimore	C	Capt.	Spencer, Ind.	Living.
Jacob E. Fletcher	C	1st Lt.		Died at Lawrence, Tenn., June 11, '64.
William F. Jerauld	C	1st Lt.		Died July 3, '64, of wound received in battle of Jackson, Miss.
Alfred F. Phillips	C	1st Lt.	Cincinnati, Ind.	Living.
Wesley Chentwood	C	1st Lt.	Cuba, Ind.	Living.
David Spinks	C	1st Lt.		Mustered out 1st Sergeant.
William F. Jerauld	C	2d Lt.		Died July 1, '64, wounds received in battle Jackson, Miss.
Joseph W. Young	C	2d Lt.		Killed at Kenesaw Mt., June 27, '64.
John Foub	C	2d Lt.		Mustered out as Sergeant.
James J. Smiley	D	Capt.	Greenastle, Ind.	Living.
John D. Alexander	D	Capt.	Bloomfield, Ind.	Living.
Joseph W. Piercy	D	1st Lt.		
William H. Sherley	D	1st Lt.		Killed by wall falling upon him at a fire, Greenastle, Ind., since war.
Joseph L. Friend	D	1st Lt.		Died since the war.
William H. Sherley	D	2d Lt.		Killed by falling wall as above.
John W. Husby	D	2d Lt.		
James Siner	D	2d Lt.		
Thomas Flinn	E	Capt.	Illinois	Mustered out 1st Sergeant.
Joseph T. Oliphant	E	Capt.	Hobbieville, Ind.	Living.
William T. Butcher	E	Capt.	Fredonia, Kansas	Living.
Joseph T. Oliphant	E	1st Lt.	Hobbieville, Ind.	Living.

HISTORY OF LINE OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME.	CO.	RANK.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Elijah Mitchell . . .	E	1st Lt.	Died Dec. 17, '79, at his home, Kolen, Ind.
William T. Butcher	E	1st Lt.	Fredonia, Kansas	Living.
Martin R. Isenhower	E	1st Lt.	Missouri . . .	Living.
Elijah Mitebell . . .	E	2d Lt.	Bloomfield, Ind.	Died December 17, 1879.
John D. Alexander . .	E	2d Lt.	Living.
James M. Roach . . .	E	2d Lt.	Living.
Zachariah Dean . . .	F	Capt.	Died Aug. 7, '63, Camp Sherman, Miss.
George Elliott . . .	F	Capt.	Bedford, Ind. . .	Living.
George Elliott . . .	F	1st Lt.	Bedford, Ind. . .	Living.
Isaac M. Darnell . . .	F	1st Lt.	Died Jan. 12, 1863, of disease.
John Dickinson . . .	F	2d Lt.
Isaac M. Darnell . . .	F	2d Lt.	Mustered out as 1st Sergeant.
Samuel Fritz . . .	F	2d Lt.	Living.
John Fields . . .	G	Capt.	Died December, 1889.
Henry Gastineau . . .	G	Capt.	York, Nebraska
William Hatfield . . .	G	1st Lt.	Swan Lake, Ark.
Henry Gastineau . . .	G	1st Lt.	York, Nebraska	Mustered out as 1st Sergeant.
John L. Bridges . . .	G	1st Lt.	Died December, 1889.
Henry Gastineau . . .	G	2d Lt.	York, Nebraska
John Packwood . . .	G	2d Lt.	Mustered out as Corporal.
James Robinson . . .	H	Capt.	Died at his home near Vandalia, Owen county, Ind., Sept. 1, 1863, while on leave of absence.
James S Meek . . .	H	Capt.	Spencer, Ind. . .	Living.
James S. Meek . . .	H	1st Lt.	Spencer, Ind. . .	Living.
Joseph P. White . . .	H	1st Lt.	Spencer, Ind. . .	Living.
Joseph P. White . . .	H	2d Lt.	Spencer, Ind. . .	Living.
Samuel Hancock . . .	H	2d Lt.	Mustered out 1st Sergeant.
James Holdson . . .	I	Capt.	Died since the war at his home in Sullivan county, Ind.
Josiah Stanley . . .	I	Capt.	Dugger, Ind. . .	Living.
Albert P. Forsythe .	I	1st Lt.
Josiah Stanley . . .	I	1st Lt.	Dugger, Ind. . .	Living.
Nathan H. Hinkle . .	I	1st Lt.	Living.
Josiah Stanley . . .	I	2d Lt.	Dugger, Ind. . .	Living.
Nathan H. Hinkle . .	I	2d Lt.
John M. Osborn . . .	I	2d Lt.	Died June 13, 1864, of disease.
David Shelby . . .	K	Capt.
James Jordan . . .	K	Capt.
James Jordan . . .	K	1st Lt.
Harvey E. Moore . .	K	1st Lt.
John M. Givens . .	K	1st Lt.	Pr. Adjutant, resigned June 11, '64.
Edward Groendyke .	K	2d Lt.
Harvey E. Moore . .	K	2d Lt.	Mustered out as 1st Sergeant.
Thomas Patrick . . .	K	2d Lt.

I have not given the names of the men in every company and what became of them—died, wounded, killed and mustered out, as I might have done, by consulting the reports of the Adjutant General of our state, thinking it best to recommend that a historian be appointed from each company and that such historian give a record of each man who served in each company. I wrote to several of the officers of companies to find out whether they could furnish me the histories of their companies, and they wrote me that they could not do so, as the members were so scattered, and so I abandoned it and make the recommendation as above, and hope it may meet your approval. I wish I could have named and given the history of every man who soldiered with me, for I have a brotherly affection for them all, which will last as long as my life shall continue in this tide of time and away beyond in

that country from whose bourn no traveler returns; and to every one of our old regiment living and dead this historical sketch is affectionately dedicated.

A few words to my comrades and I have done. When our regiment reached Indianapolis in June, 1865, the regiment was paid off, we received our discharges and our band of veterans melted away into civil life like snow when spring breathes upon it. And when the boys came marching home, in some homes there was rejoicing, in others sorrow and tears. Some came back and left their messmates behind; some had died in battle, or of wounds received, of sickness and disease, and his wife was a widow, his children fatherless and an aged mother and father childless.

The wounds of the heart partially healed bled anew at the thought of his absence, when they heard the sound of the drum to which the remaining soldiers came marching home. When we think of our regiment as she went forth 1,000 strong and look upon our numbers here to-day, we may well ask ourselves where are the others of our number. So many of them have folded their arms over their breasts for the last time; their footfalls are no longer heard in the walks of men, they are silently sleeping in their grave-tents, whose green doors will never outward swing until the Angel of God, standing with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea, shall declare that time shall be no more. Time will come when not one of us will be living. Every year our comrades are falling here and there. Loyalty to country and flag will not save us from death that is waiting for us all somewhere in the turn of the lane of life. We yet speak of each other as boys, and so we will ever be to each other. But alas, the hey-day of boyhood is gone, and we all have passed the meridian of and are going down toward the sunset of life. Few of us can read the story of the war without spectacles. Our hands are unsteady now. The tide of time has swept over us and left wrinkles in our faces and snow in our hair. In fact, my comrades, we are all growing old. Take up a life insurance table and see what are your chances for life. Only 20 or 30 years at farthest. Then how will you live for the next 20 or 30 years? Will you live for self and the world or will you be loyal to God and his service as you have been loyal to your country and its flag? While the shadows lengthen and your eyes grow dim, and the ploughshare of time is leaving its furrows in your faces, choose ye this day whom you will serve. Let me entreat you as a brother and comrade, who shared with you your toils and marches and passed with you under the storm clouds of battle and who loves every one of you present and absent, to seek that peace of God that passeth all understanding, that love that casteth out all fear. Ere another reunion some of us will be in our graves, and what shall be said of us then? It will be said no doubt that he was a faithful soldier and a good

citizen, but the vital question with us will be: When the war was over and he followed no longer the great Captains of the war—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, McClellan, Thomas and Logan—what Captain did he follow then? Did he follow self and selfish things, or in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Saviour of men? Oh, comrades, follow Christ now as your great Captain, who will in your weary march through life be to you as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. So that when you are done with earth and earthly things, when your marches and toils are ended, it may be said of us: He had on the breastplate of Righteousness, the helmet of Salvation, the shield of Faith and his feet were shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace; and so being equipped as Christian soldiers we shall all be ready to go home to our Father's house to join the grand encampment on the eternal hills, where the Angels shall sound God's own reveille.

JOHN D. ALEXANDER,
Co. D, 97th Ind. Infy. Vols., Historian.

231

F.W.





